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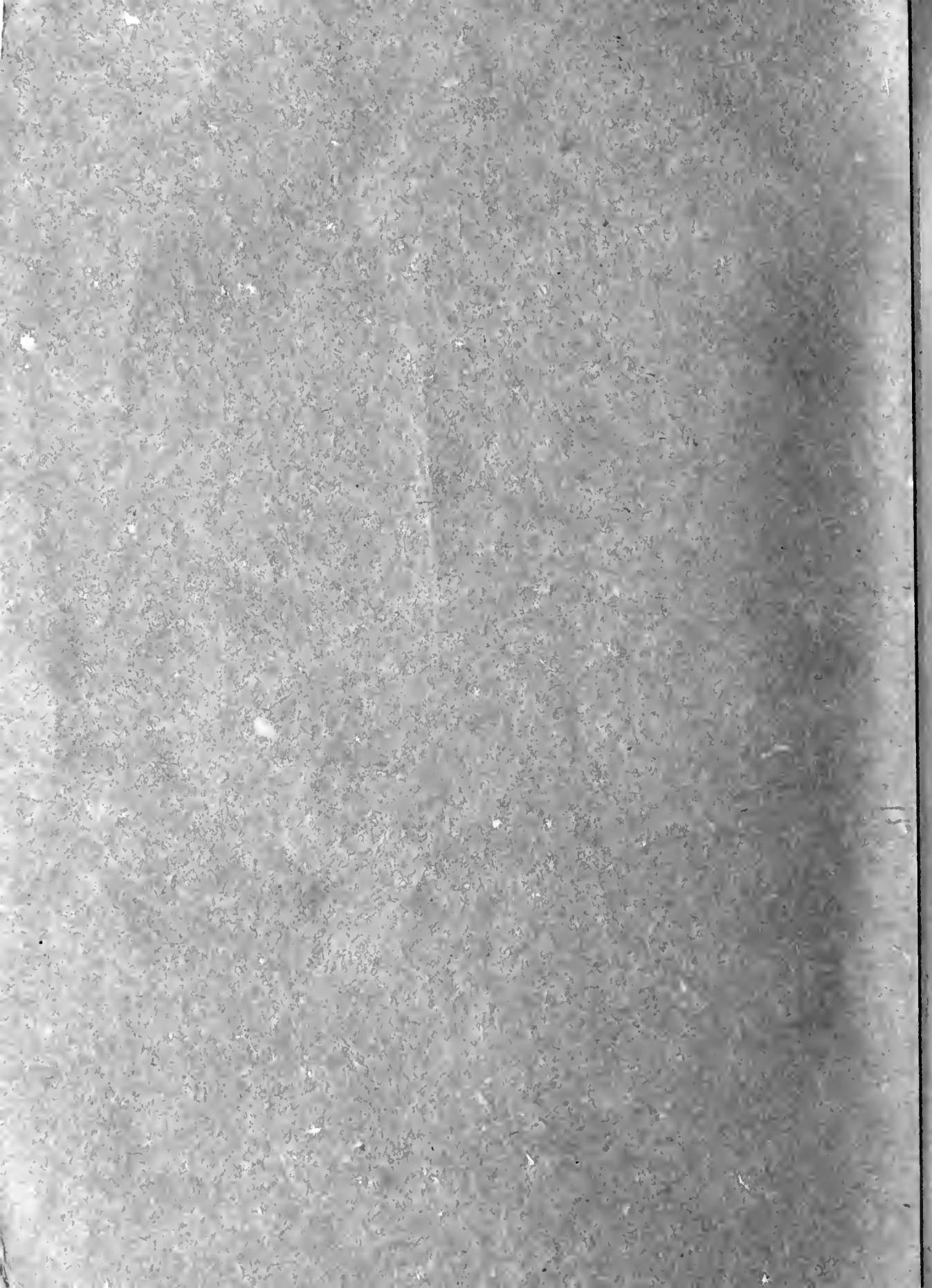




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T H E

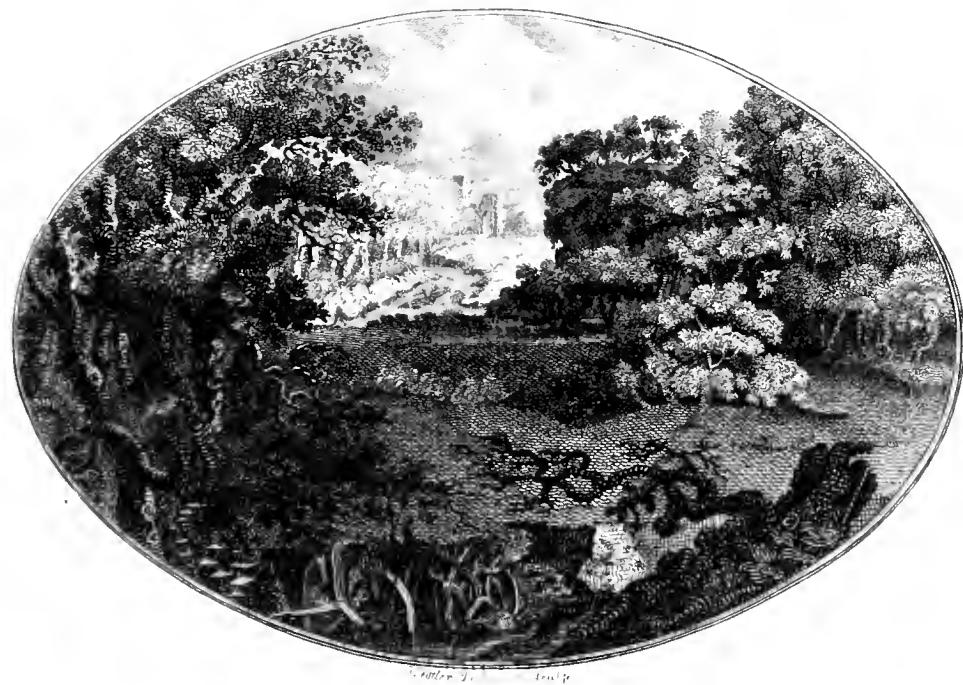
H A U N T S

O F

S H A K E S P E A R E.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

T H E
H A U N T S
O F
S H A K E S P E A R E:
A P O E M.
B Y W I L L I A M P E A R C E.



L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR D. BROWNE, AT GARRICK'S HEAD, NO. 6,
CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

M DCC LXXVIII.

PP
515
1716

T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

SIR,

TO you I have ventured to dedicate the ensuing lines : and, though they may prove deficient in every essential which constitutes the excellency of POETRY ; yet, from the bare consideration of being a compliment to the memory of SHAKESPEARE, they cannot intirely be unacceptable.

IT may perhaps be urged :---Why I chose a measure seldom used but in familiar epistles or songs : To this I reply, that the images of poetry, like objects in painting,

B

are

are animated conceptions of self-existent principles or causes.—As the one is capable of being shewn with equal effect in varied shades of colouring ; so the other may be conveyed with undiminish'd spirit, in every diversity of numbers which the capacity language admits of:—With this consideration—that harmony is not destroy'd by an extravagant length of verse ; nor the attention interrupted by too quick a succession of the rhyme.—And though the measure in question is ill calculated to effect the *energies* of passion, this imperfection seems chiefly to arise from the disagreement between the *tones* it produces, and those of customary discourse.—On the other hand, the delivery of the Iambic numbers, strongly corresponds with the natural inflexions of the voice, when exerted on any occasion wherein the mind is interested ; as in a complaint of grief, or consolation of pity. This presumption may be assigned as a mimetic cause, why tragedy, elegy, and pathetic poetry in general, are of the latter distinction ; as that, which would be acquainted with the heart, should be familiar to the ear*.

I AM

* Since this remark was prepared for the press, the writer has had the satisfaction to find an opinion in Aristotle, to the same effect.

I AM well aware, that no prosaic composition, however beautifully constructed, or affectingly marked, will bear to be tried by the definitive rules of poetry, from the irregularity of the *quantities* which attend its numbers: Yet, in such a tract, I will venture to affirm, the *Iambic* will occur more frequent than any other foot:----and on that position, this reasoning is to be maintained.

AN advantage, however, in favour of the *Anapæst*, is its wonderful properties for that species of writing, in which the Fancy, rather than the Feeling, is concerned; and the Imagination more than the Judgment, engaged.

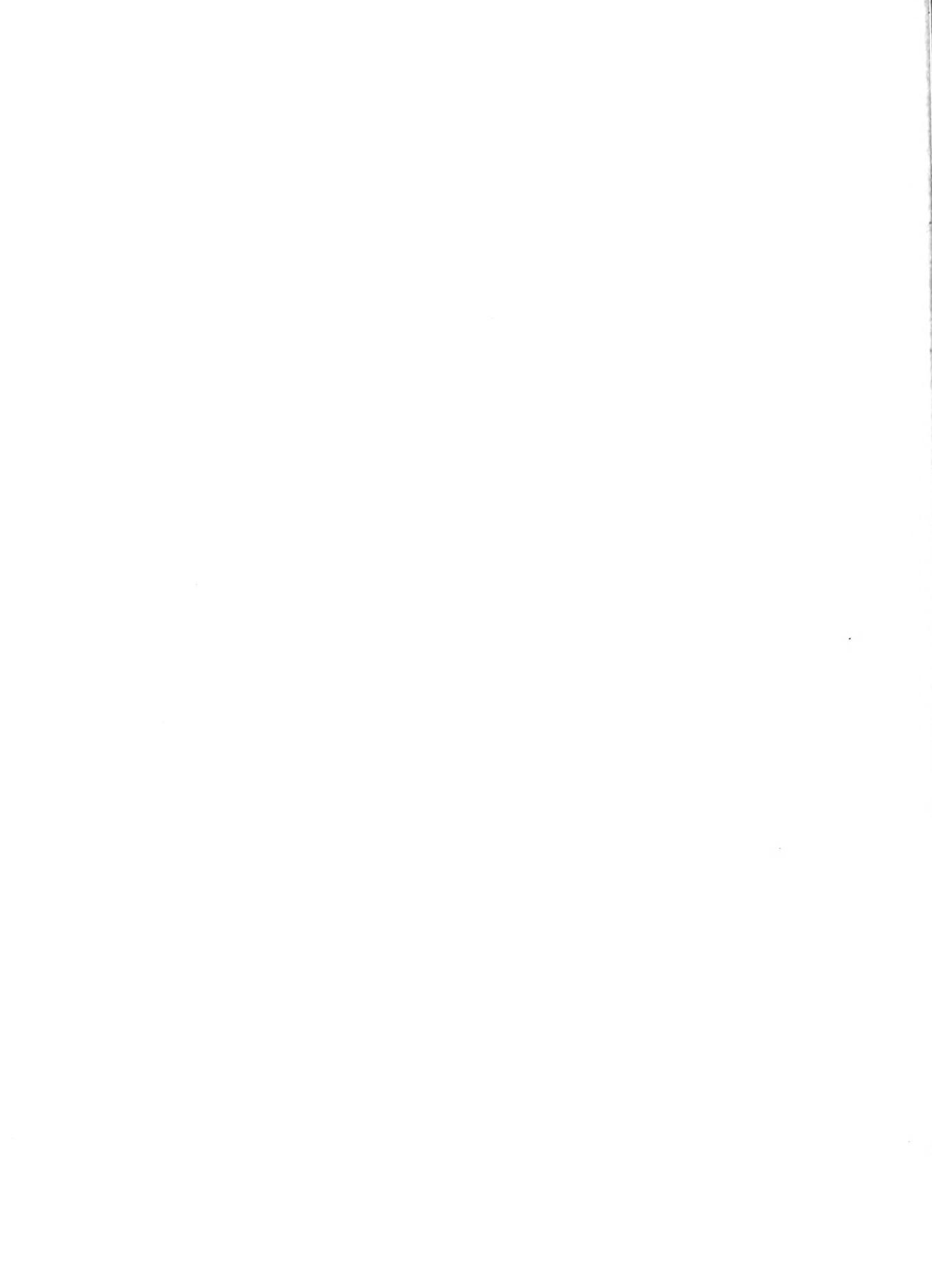
I SHALL not make a further apology for a Poem, which, perhaps, may be found undeserving of any.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient

and humble servant,

William Pearce.



T H E

H A U N T S

O F

S H A K E S P E A R E.

REMOTE from the track of rude boors, in a shade
Thick-grown and romantic, for solitude made,
Lie scenes Nature wraps in her wildest array,
Where fairies sequester to hide from the day ;
There fancy-blest SHAKESPEARE first tun'd his wild tongue,
And the echo of hills to the melody rung.

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From summer's warm beams to the spot he'd repair,
And breathe in the umbrage of beech the cool air ;
How oft have those boughs screen'd his temples from heat,
That green-turfy hillock how oft been his seat !
Round his couch vi'lets grew, where he trod roses sprung,
And the birds of the forest were mute when he fung.

His haunts will I pierce where the oak-grove appears,
Tho' rude, yet enchanting the covert it rears :
I'll rove, gentle fancy, by thee wildly led,
'The mazes that oft-times recorded his tread :
Unwearied thro' many a thicket he'd range,
Thro' many a winding, and labyrinth strange.

'The sun's rosy streaks, that the Orient adorn,
Wou'd summon him forth thro' the dew-steps of morn ;
Invite to yon upland impurpled with heath,
Whence odours distil to the vallies beneath ;
And, led by the clamours that chorus the chace,
Deep woods, and unsearchable wastes wou'd he trace.

And

And frequent ascended yon mountain in view,
Hard-breasting the gale from its summit that blew ;
His eye backward cast, saw retiring the lawn,
The landscape diminish'd, the hamlet withdrawn :
Whilst onward a scene more romantic arose,
Of deserts, and moorlands, and hills in the close,

To the field he repair'd, where by *Monmouth's* fam'd BIRTH,
The high-blooded *Percy* was beat to the earth !
And trode to the plain where ' sweet *Montague*' fell,
And *Warwick* the stern breath'd his dying ' farewell.'
---What herald thy brow, O desert, shall array
With honours so fair, as a minstrel can pay.

Ye walks of despondence ! ye groves ! awful vales !
Where Druids prophetic erst mutter'd their tales :
Ye can witness how oft in the cool eventide,
In your ivy-crown'd arbours he pensive wou'd hide ;
And wandering wide from the waterfall's stun,
With sweet carol'd madrigal sing down the Sun.

You:

Your wild'ring retreats to my searches reveal,
In deepest retirement O let me conceal !
---Poetic the ardours that beat o'er my breast,
For surely the shades he frequented are blest !
The woodlark's shrill music was caught by his tongue,
Where he sigh'd Nature wept, Nature spoke when he fung.

Near the streamlet that wells down those rocks let me lie,
Let breezes with fragrances laden wind by !----
Heav'ns ! thro' that arch'd opening what brightnes of dyes !
What tints ! what effulgencies blaze on my eyes !
And sweet from the thicket the grey-linnets sing,
Attempting the lay to the silver-tun'd spring.

Whilst Nature to Fancy a banquet shall spread,
Enlink'd in her arm, may sweet Poetry tread :
The life how endearing, remote from mankind !
Remote from the splendours that harrafs the mind !
At day-spring awoke by the lark's floating swell,
At curfew-time lull'd by the lone village bell.

On the season of sleep when the cottage is still,
And no murmur heard, save the fall of the mill,
Or drowsy watch-mastiff that bays the sharp wind,
And startles the slumbers that wrap the poor hind,
How pleasant to eye the white mountains afar,
Or seek by some river to number each star !

Hark !---echoes of voices celestial, I hear---
Sure Fancy's wild magic entrances my ear !
---With tones sweetly varied,---aërial and shrill,
The harp's choral symphony breaks o'er yon hill !
---‘ That strain's dying fall the rapt sense kindly greets,
And like the blest South, steals and scatters its sweets !’

In yonder red track where the Sun darts his fires,
As down to his Ocean-recefs he retires,
Lo, *Ariel* appears ! radiant beam his soft eyes,
His firy-girt mantle the azure of skies.
‘ The clouds seem to open and riches turn forth,’
‘ And the speed of a star’ bears the spirit to earth !

T H E H A U N T S O F

‘ The elves of the brook, swelling mount, fountain brim,
Repair at his call, o'er the dews destly-trim.
In the shades where they revel'd of yore, still they meet
And wanton in ringlet, or chivalryfeat.
‘ Unbent is the grafs where their printleſs ſteps pace.’
‘ Now light they depart the wild forest to trace !

Ah ! turn from the airy-bred vision thine head !
Yet pleasing the cheat that so sweetly misled---
Say can the illusions that play on the mind,
The music excel, of the shrill-passing wind ?
Or prospect exhibit, more awful and hoar,
Than rocks at whose bases the ſea-billows roar ?

Ascend thee, yon mountains romantic and high,
Where Nature's rude ſcenery hangs to the eye ;
The wood elevated that waves to the gale,
The ſecret, untrodden receſs in the dale,
The torrent that wanders adown from its head,
O'er whose brink drooping willows their boughs madly spread.

Yet

Yet Fancy, thy hand the rude draught shall o'er-sketch,
And out-picture Nature, when wildest her stretch !
Sweet mirror ! the rainbow thou giv'st brighten'd dyes,
And gather'st its colours dispers'd to the skies ;
Thy regions o'er-travel the eye's aching view,
And SHAKESPEARE alone the wild boundaries knew !

Tho' now far away thy delusions are fled,
And undisguis'd Nature appears in the stead ;
Again shall be open'd Invention's rich urn,
Again the deceit in illapses return ;
Thou Fancy, shalt pace, like a village maid wreath'd,
And music be heard from an airy shell breath'd.

--- Bright shines the steep upland, and lovely the vale,
Beneath the mild lustre of night's regent pale ;
Lucid orbs, and *light*-streams in the æther appears,
And the bosom of nature tranquility wears.
On a night such as this, when the village was still,
Wou'd he rove the deep forest, or silver-tip'd hill.

* Or

‘Or o’er the beach’d margin that edges the sea,’
And well with the mind did each object agree ;
The waves gentle lullings, the mariner’s song,
The rocks, that responsive, the ditty prolong ;
The wandering lights o’er the ocean that fly,
And vessel remote, stealing faint on the eye.

Sweet scene to contemplate ! adieu thou calm deep !
He wou’d leave thy soft murmur to climb yonder steep ;
His harp by his side to the mountain gale fung,
Or wak’d at his ‘golden touch’ wood-music rung.---
The thought spreads a strain on the air’s heaving breast !
---Entranc’d in such rapture still let me be blest !

When darknes a mantle more shadowy spread,
With spirits he’d roam, and converse with the dead,
The inmost recesses of Nature explore,
And the furthest beholding wou’d fancy still more :
To the nightingale’s sorrow he’d list the night long,
And the murmur of AVON would copy in song.

From

From the mount clad with moss, to the brook ozier-crown'd,
The minstrelsy melting did echoes resound ;
Deep-charm'd with his swells, and enrapt with his trills,
Fays quitted their grots, and deserted their hills ;
To sedgy-fring'd Avon they tript it along,
And danc'd to the airy-soft notes of his song.

For O thou wild stream ! in remembrance rever'd,
His warblings have oft on thy borders been heard !
The labor-worn peasant, unmindful of toil,
To his fancy-form'd cadence wou'd listen and smile ;
Aloof wou'd the traveller, far-distant bound,
On tip-toe outstretch'd catch delights from the sound.

Far off to the West, view that castle's remains
By moonlight how dreary ! what sadness there reigns !
Hark ! the owl boding hoots from her ivy-roof'd nest !
Feels the soul not a tremor ! and shoots not the breast !
Yet there wou'd he wander, and musing alone,
‘ Body forth airy shadows, and beings unknown !’

Hail ye cells! where the soul wing'd on pinions sublime,
In her passage to ages unborn outstrips Time.

Hail ye caverns! for deep where your thickest shades low'r
He loiter'd all pensive full many an hour;
Whilst spectres, apparel'd in glooms like the night,
In frantic disorder wou'd start on the fight.

Each fragment, where once spoke the nice touch of art,
A moral impression convey'd to the heart;
With regret wou'd he eye ruin mope o'er the pile,
Where conquest once triumph'd, and joy wore a smile;
And the depth of reflection he ever pursu'd,
He deem'd a reproach from the object he view'd.

Yet pleasant of spirit, how oft with delight,
Has he spent in yon mansion the winter's long night:
There mingling with rustics, joke o'er the brown ale,
And loud was the laugh that succeeded each tale.
How bright was his humour! his jest O how smart!
Wit rode on his tongue, and mirth reign'd in his heart!

Round

Round passes a story of wizards and charms,
Fair virgins bewilder'd, strange monsters, and arms,
A giant subdu'd by a knight's hardy hand,
Brave *Arthur's* atchievements, and unbeaten band.
This, speaks of his perils half-breathles in fear ;
And that, starts a witch he pursued for a hare.

Of magic more awful the sweet *Willy* tells,
Of spirits that burnt in the lightning,—of spells
And enchantments, whose force cou'd ‘ controul the pale moon,’
‘ Rift *Jove's* mighty oak, and the sun dim at noon,’
Dread siezes the many ! and each in affright
Sees the blaze from the hearth put a goblin to flight.

Are these the distresses alone of the mind ?
And leaves the wild fable a vestige behind ?
O perish your terrors ! the bosom ere long
Shall labour with feelings, with passions more strong :
The tribute that's due from the heart tears shall pay,
And the sigh pity heaves chace the vapour away.

Tales piteous and sad from his plaintive lips flow
Of heavy calamities, ‘ long betid woe ;’
A mother lamenting—ah ! well may she weep !
In beds cold and watry, her murder’d babes sleep.
Sweet blossoms scarce blown ! murmur pity ye waves !
Hoary *Thames*, bathe their limbs in thy low pearly caves !

Ye nymphs, in whose bosoms Love kindles his heat,
Who to your lone pillows your sorrows repeat ;
Ah ! what are your terrors, ye daughters of care,
When *Juliet’s* complainings awaken the ear !
When *Romeo*, impassion’d, steals wild on the fight,
And Love’s gentle mournings salute the dull night !

Of War too he fung.—Fierce encountering alarms,
Red havock, and all the fell horror of arms :
Steeds wounded, and wrung with the anguish of pain,
Now trampling the dying, now spurning the slain :
In leaders and peafants bold daring and might,
And princes engaged in the skirmish of fight.

Thou

Thou **EAGLE** of battle ! fair chivalry's star !
Whom fame, bearing up in her ray-darting car,
Enthron'd where reward and desert ever meet,
With eye of bright triumph, O bend from thy seat !
View **AGINCOURT**'s field pictur'd out by his hand,
And the banners of conquest o'erwaving the land.

‘A fun dim'd by clouds,’ weeping *Richard* appears,
‘No joyful tongue blesses,’ no eye welcome bears !
Yet patient in suff’rings !---insulted and led,
‘He shakes with meek sorrow the dust from his head.’
---A drop at the close the sweet moralist sheds,
‘And sends his touch’d hearers in tears to their beds.’

Peace to you, ye mourners ! repose he forfakes,
And o'er the bleak desert a lengthen'd way takes ;
There guides the lone trav’ller, as doubtful he roves
‘Midst forests uncheary, and rough-tangled groves ;
Tho’ peril and horror bestrides the night-blast,
And no silver ray from a planet is cast.

He wou'd climb yonder clift that o'erbrows the broad shore,
Round whose base the winds whistle and waves wildly roar ;
And, whilst tempests the breast of the deep did deform,
Shoot his eye o'er the hurly, and picture the storm :
Give wrath to the thunder, the lightnings bid fly,
' Along the vex'd sea, and the blue vaulted sky.'

But past is the tumult---the whirlwind expires,
And back to his channel the Ocean retires :
No longer the turbulent surge beats the strand,
No longer thro' air darts the firy-wing'd brand ;
A calm is around the vast horizon spread,
And Serenity smiles on the prominent's head.

---The day-break he pencil'd, when rosy-hued beams
From the east trembling forth, cheer'd the vallies and streams,
Unclouded the heavens, and temper'd the breeze,
That ruffled the Avon, and fung o'er the trees.
---His *lights* like the Sun the blest season adorn,
And brighten the dew-drops that hang on the thorn.

* Hark,

* Hark, the peal the bold forester rings in the vale !
Glad shouts and loud triumphs are borne on the gale,
The hunt is awaken'd, the morning serene,
The woods bright and fragrant, the fields fresh and green :
The mountains re-echo ! the thickets around
Reply to the horn, and the tunable hound.

Ye blossoms that strew the first steps of the year,
And lovely and bright to the senses appear,
Tho' scents the most fragrant ye breathe o'er the vale,
Your beauties may perish the next anger'd gale:
But O in his sonnets ye wear fadeless hues,
There, still are ye spangled with ever-fresh dews.

The mantle of summer with flowrets he spray'd,
Each hillock and level with blossoms array'd :
And ev'ry cool zephyr shed grateful perfume,
And ev'ry sweet bud wore an innocent bloom.
The breath of the North, at his voice rattling flew,
And winter'd the prospect that blush'd on the view.

The

* In this description, borrowed from *Shakespeare*, he is characterized as a Hunter.

'The ranger of woodlands, and gay village-swain,
Crown'd him prince of the forest, and lord of the plain ;
To their eyes was he dear, in their hearts was he lov'd,
And with welcomes was greeted wherever he rov'd.
From cottage low-roof'd, wou'd the nymphs eager throng,
And in reverence bow to the monarch of song !

A wreath of musk-roses they wove for his head,
That odours, the sweetnes of morn, o'er him shed :
With freshness still blooming, drew life from his breath,
But hung down their crests sorrow-struck at his death :
O'er his grave were they strown, and again they appear,
At return of each spring, the first blown of the year.

The redbreast,---in homage and court to his shade,
With herbelets sweet deck the earth where he's laid.
O blest be the spot ! be the bard ever blest !
Joys circle him !---Seraphim crown him with rest !
No pillager's foot nigh his ashes e'er tread,
To trample the turf, where lies pillow'd his head !

The

The grot where he dwelt shall be sacred to kings,
And Poetry near the recesses plume her wings !
At his name, Fancy's pulse, wild in motion shall beat,
Strange extacies rise, and the heart glow with heat.
The fame of his shades beyond *Pindus's* foar,
And the Avon shall flow, when *Castalia's* no more.

T H E E N D.

S O N N E T,
O N

MR. GARRICK's RETIREMENT.

Collected from SHAKESPEARE.

S C E N E, *The Banks of the River AVON.*

T I M E, *The Approach of the Morning Twilight.*

WHERE should this music be, in air or earth?
---Upon the waters crept it, by mine ear----
'Tis the soft minstrelsy of fairies mirth,
That nightly trip in wanton ringlet here !

It sounds no more !---As lightning brief, they glance
Thro' briar, over flood, hill, park and dale !
---The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance---
Lo ! the sweet shade of SHAKESPEARE, ashy pale !

Forth from his eyes his spirits wildly peep,
And looks that breathe, his absent GARRICK weep.
A rover HE, who wanders far away ;
He gave to Nature force,—to Fancy play.
But soft ! I scent the morn.—*light-streaks* appear,
The SPIRIT melts to air,---into thin air !

A E V E R T I S E M E N T.

*Six Stanzas of the foregoing Poem were printed about
Seven Years ago.*



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